and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glasse eyes, and like a scurny politician, seeme to see the things thou doest not; No, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency, mixt reason in madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster, thou must be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowst the first time that we smel the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great stage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate stratagem to shoot a troope of horse with fell, and when I haue stole vpon these sonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him sirs.

Lear. No rescue, what a prisoner? I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune: vse me well, you shall haue a ransom. Let me haue a Chirurgeon, I am cut to th braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No seconds, all my selfe: why this would make a man of salt to vse his eyes for garden water-pottes, I and laying Autumnes dust. *Gent.* Good Sir.

Lear. I will dye bravely like a Bridegroome. What, I will bee iouiall: Come, come, I am a King my masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay if you get it you shall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch, past speaking of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle sir.

Gent. Sir speed you, what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar, euery ones heares
That can distinguish sense.

Edg. But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

Gent.

Gent. Neere and on speed for't, the maine desc
Stands on the hourely thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you sir, thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on speciall ca
His army is mou'd on.

Edg. I thanke you sir.

Glo. You euer gentle gods take my breath fro
Let not my worser spirit tempt me againe,
To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Glo. Now good sir what are you.

Edg. A most poore man, made lame by fortun
Who by the Art of knowne and feeling sorrowe
Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand
Ile leade you to some biding.

Glost. Hearty thankes, the bounty and the be
to boot, to boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize, most happy; that ey
was first framed flesh to raise my fortunes. Tho
Traitor, briefely thy selfe remember, the sword
destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand put strength e

Stew. Wherefore bolde pezant darst thou su
traytor, hence least the infection of his fortune t
thee, let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go sir without cagion.

Stew. Let go slaue, or thou diest.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let po
and chud haue beene zwaggar'd out of my life,
bene zo long by a vortnight: nay come not neer
keepe out cheuore ye, or ile try whether your co
be the harder, chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill.

Edg. Chil pick your teeth zir, come no matter